

Really I have begun to feel a little like a
 nature fakir myself during the last fortnight; for I have seen
 two or three things which I very much wish you could have
 seen with me. The other night I took out the boys in row boats
 for a camp-
 ing-out expedition. We camped on the beach
 under a low
 bluff near the grove where a few years ago on
 a similar
 expedition we saw a red fox. This time two
 young foxes,
 evidently three years' cubs, came around the
 camp fire half
 a dozen times during the night, coming up
 within ten yards
 of the fire to pick up scraps and seeming to be
 very little
 bothered by our presence. Yesterday on the
 tennis ground
 I found a mole shrew. He was near the
 side lines
 first. I picked him up in my handkerchief, as
 he bit my
 hand, and after we had all looked at him I let
 him go, but
 in a few minutes he came back and deliberately
 crossed the
 tennis grounds by the net. As he ran over the
 level floor
 of the court his motion reminded all of us of the
 motion of
 those mechanical mice that run around on
 wheels when
 wound up.

A chipmunk that lives near the tennis court
 continually
 crosses it while the game is in progress. He
 has done it
 two or three times this year, and either he or
 his predecessor
 has had the same habit for several years.
 I am really
 puzzled to know why he should go across this
 perfectly bare
 surface, with the players jumping about on it,
 when he is
 not frightened and has no reason that I can
 see for going.
 Apparently he grows accustomed to the
 players and moves
 about among them as he would move about, for

instance,
among a herd of cattle. I suppose that Mr.
Blank would
describe him as joining in the game!

I was immensely amused at Blank's outburst
concerning
your visit here. It was his evident belief that I
had picketed
out the black throated green warbler on the
top of that
locust tree in anticipation of your presence.